

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME V.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1914

Library of the  
PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL  
FOR THE MINISTRY  
Berkeley, California<sup>13</sup>

## Long Live the King!

A MUFFLED call  
From bastioned wall,  
A flaring torch on high,  
A courier fled—  
"The King is dead!"  
Rings out the Saxon cry.

"The King is dead!"  
With grizzled head,  
Uncrowned upon his bier;  
"Long live the King!"  
The minstrels sing,  
"Long live the glad New Year!"

Ring out, old bell,  
Your solemn knell!  
The dead King lies in state;  
Away the bier  
And hail, New Year!  
Long live New Year the Great!  
FRANKLIN MARION HAM,  
*in The Golden Shuttle.*

## The School that was not Kept In.

BY HELEN WARD BANKS.

"I DON'T care," said Tim to himself.  
It was the fourteenth time he had said it that morning, but he really did care a great deal. If he had been home with his mother, he might even have cried. But no boy ten years old cries in school.

So Tim tried to study his spelling lesson and swallow the lump in his throat. He was watching Frank Sprague.

Frank was the biggest boy in school. He was twelve to-day, and he was to have a birthday party. Every girl in school was asked and every boy—except Tim.

"C-h-i-s-e-l, chisel," murmured Tim, his eyes on Frank. "And his uncle's coming for them all in a big sleigh! And there'll be ice-cream at the party! I don't care!"

He watched Frank pass a note across to Tony. Tim could read it: "We're going to have a bully lunch."

"H-a-m-m-e-r, hammer," chanted Tim under his breath. There would probably be chicken besides the ice-cream, and very likely hot chocolate with whipped cream on top. And just because Tim's father was janitor and swept up the school-house, Frank had not invited Tim. It was not fair.

Tony passed a note back to Frank, and Miss Carter saw him.

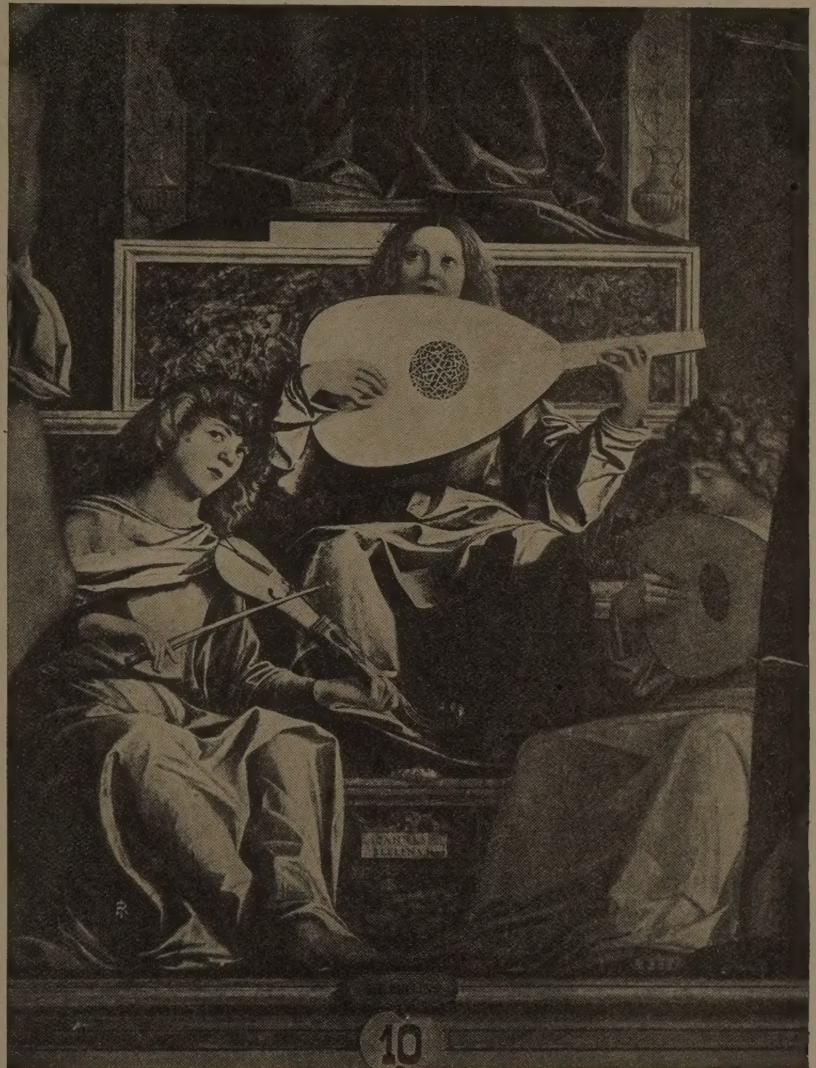
"Don't do that, Tony," she said. "I don't want to give any bad marks to-day. Think how sad it would be if Mr. Sprague were to come with the sleigh and find a lot of boys kept in."

"The rest could go," said Frank.

"Yes, but I should have to stay. You wouldn't be so cruel as to keep me from the party, would you?" and she smiled at Tony.

"No, Miss Carter," Tony said, smiling back, and he settled down to his geography.

"A-u-g-e-r, auger," said Tim.  
"A-u-g-e-r," he repeated, but he was not



From painting by Bellini.

"The minstrels sing,  
'Long live the glad New Year!'"

thinking of his lesson. A new idea had popped into his mind.

If he could not go to the party, he could be bad and be kept in, and then that would spoil the party. Frank's uncle never would drive away without Miss Carter; and, if Tim were very bad indeed, he might have to be kept in more than an hour, and then the hot chocolate would get cold and the ice-cream would get hot, and the party would be spoiled. Frank would be sorry, then, he hadn't invited Tim.

"A-u-g-e-r, auger," Tim said once more. Then, as Tony started up the aisle with his geography to ask Miss Carter a question,

Tim thrust out his foot and Tony stumbled over it. He floundered around in such a funny way that all the school laughed.

"Oh, Tony!" said Miss Carter.

"I did it," Tim said.

"Then I am sure it was an accident," said Miss Carter, "for you always help me to keep order."

Tim blushed through his freckles, and went back to his spelling-book.

But he did not give up his plan. It was recess time then, and all the children went into the long music-room to play. They had on their party clothes, and could not go out into the snow. Tim had on his best clothes,

too. He had coaxed his mother to let him wear them so that he should not be the only boy in school-clothes. If he could not go to the party, he would look as though he were going.

Tim did not go into the music-room. He sat with his elbows on his desk and his head on his hands looking down at his spelling-book. But he was not studying any more; he was trying to think of the naughtiest thing he could do to throw the whole school into confusion and have them all kept in. Then Frank's party would be spoiled.

He heard his father shake the furnace and come up the cellar stairs. Miss Carter went out into the hall to ask for more heat in the music-room.

"The heat will come right up now," Mr. Cassidy said. "And how is that boy of mine doing, Miss Carter?"

"Finely," Miss Carter answered.

"His mother and I can never thank you enough for your kindness," Mr. Cassidy went on. "We couldn't afford to send him to a school like this, but we know well all the good it will be to him."

"Oh, Tim helps me as much as I help him," Miss Carter said.

Tim, with a red face, went back to his lesson. "P-l-a-n-e, plane; p-l-a-n-e, plane."

So Miss Carter was teaching him for nothing, and he was planning to repay her kindness by making her trouble. He had wanted to keep her from the party and have Mr. Sprague see a disorderly school when he came. What a foolish plan it had been! He didn't get any good by keeping others away from the party. It was a mean trick to try to make the others unhappy—even Miss Carter—just because he was unhappy himself. All of a sudden he felt very much ashamed of himself.

The others came back to their seats. Tim put all other thoughts out of his mind and studied his lesson till he knew every word. All the children were studying hard, and no one made a mistake in any lesson. By quarter to one every class had recited, and boys and girls were scrambling for coats and caps.

Then came a great jangling of sleigh-bells, and Frank's uncle walked into the school-room.

"Ready?" he asked in his big, kind voice. "Tumble out, then. Here, you chap over in the corner, jump into your coat; don't keep the horses waiting."

There was a sudden silence as every one looked at Tim.

"I'm not going," Tim said bravely.

"Not going?" Mr. Sprague repeated.

"This is my party and every boy in school is coming to it. What's the matter, Frank?"

Frank was as red as Tim. "Why, I never thought, Uncle Walter," he stammered. "I didn't ask him; he's the janitor's boy."

"Isn't he a good boy?" Mr. Sprague asked Miss Carter.

"The best I have," she laughed.

"And isn't his father a good janitor?"

"He couldn't be better."

"Are you proud of your father, Frank, because he's a lawyer, or because he's a good lawyer?"

"Because he's a good lawyer," answered Frank, uncomfortably.

"And Tim's proud of his father because he's a good janitor. Get into your coat now, old man. I can't wait."

"Am I going?" Tim asked Miss Carter, a big smile spreading over his face.

"You surely are," she answered. "Tony,

run and tell Mr. Cassidy we are taking Tim with us."

"It's a good thing I wore my best clothes," Tim thought as he pulled on his overcoat.

He snuggled down in his place in the sleigh next Miss Carter. As he listened to the sleigh-bells tinkle through the keen air, and looked up at the blue sky and down at the sunshine lying across the snowy fields, something felt very happy away down inside him.

"Geel!" he said to himself. "Ain't I glad I didn't get 'em all kept in!"

### A Wish.

IF I could find the Little Year,  
The Happy Year, the Glad New Year,  
If I could find him setting forth  
To seek the ancient track,  
I'd bring him here, the Little Year,  
Like a pedler with his pack.

And all of golden brightness,  
And nothing dull or black,  
And all that heart could fancy,  
And all that life could lack,  
Should be your share of the pedler's ware,  
When he undid his pack.

*Selected.*

### Daisy Dutton's Ride.

"Oh, yes, Daisy Dutton is just as bright as they make them," said her big brother, proudly. "She can go alone on the electric car just as well as I can."

"She is a careful little girl," added her father, affectionately. "I know you can trust her, Mother."

Daisy Dutton sat still, placidly eating her oatmeal.

Daisy was going to play the part of Little Red Riding Hood, at least so far as to take a basket of something good to eat to her grandmother,—grapes, if you really wish to know. Harry would usually be the one to do such an errand; but Harry had to catch in a baseball game that morning, and he couldn't. Patty, the maid, had to help in the ironing, and she couldn't. Mother had a dressmaker, and she couldn't. Father had an important engagement at the office, and he couldn't. So there was no one left but Daisy, who hadn't a thing to do.

This was all discussed while Daisy was eating her oatmeal; but as she pushed her saucer away she smiled serenely and said, "Why, of course I can," and the thing was settled.

Daisy's grandmother lived a few squares away, and Daisy had often walked there and back; but a new line of electric cars had been opened up between Llewellyn Park, where the Duttons lived, and Sunderland, a pleasant town about six miles to the eastward, and the fun of riding on them had not yet become familiar. She had not taken the full ride yet, although the day the line was opened she went with her mother down town and back. So the idea of even a short ride was most attractive.

"Now, Daisy," said her mother, "here are five cents to pay your fare there, and here are five cents to pay your fare back. You may stay till eleven o'clock, if you like; but be sure to come then, so I shall not be worried about you. Grandma will probably see that you get on the car all right; and, if she doesn't, Harriet will. But, in any case, remember, don't take a car marked 'Harrison'; for, if you do, that will switch off at Vine Street

and you will have to walk two blocks home. Take any car that says 'Llewellyn Park,' and you are all right. There isn't any other car anyway, if you don't take the Harrison car."

"All right," said Daisy; and she walked down to the corner with her father, feeling very important, and carrying the basket of grapes with especial care. Her father held up his hand and the car stopped, and he lifted Daisy to the front seat and told the motorman where to let her off.

Daisy didn't quite like it because her father said that, just as if she weren't big enough to know when she came to her grandmother's and get off at the right place. The ride was altogether too short. Whizz, whizz, went the car, and before Daisy realized it they were there.

Her grandmother was not at home, after all. "She took an early start, Miss Daisy, and went to Harrison to do some errands," explained Harriet. "She'll not be back till luncheon time, either."

"Then I guess I'll go right back home," said Daisy, giving her the grapes; "and I'm going to ride back, too. See, here are the five cents."

"All right, Miss," said Harriet, who was in a hurry. "Don't you want me to put you on?"

"No, of course I don't," rejoined Daisy, not huffily but with the distinct consciousness that she was quite big enough to go on the cars alone, if she liked. Hadn't Harry said so that very morning?

"Be sure to get into a car with the sign 'Llewellyn Park,'" cautioned Harriet, wondering if she ought to leave her work and go out with her, but compromising by thinking she could watch her from the window.

Daisy tripped down the steps; and, as the car wasn't coming, she walked to the next corner, and then to the corner beyond that, partly for the sake of having a longer ride and partly to escape Harriet's watchful eyes. The first car that came along was marked "Harrison." Of course, she didn't take that. The next car came in the opposite direction; but, as she glanced carelessly at it, there stood on the sign, in plain, staring letters, "Llewellyn Park."

"Any car that says 'Llewellyn Park,'" she murmured to herself; and quick as thought she darted to the other side of the street, held up her tiny finger, and in half a minute more she was aboard the car and spinning up the road in the direction of—Sunderland.

When the conductor came round for the fare, she gave him her remaining five-cent piece, and then said timidly, "Does the car always go to the place it says on it in front?"

"Yes, of course," replied the conductor, smiling reassuringly.

That was enough. She settled back and began to enjoy her ride. On flew the car, leaving soon behind it the pretty houses with their smoothly shaven lawns and taking its ways through green meadows and past gently sloping hills. Just before they came to Sunderland the conductor came round again.

"Where do you wish to get off, little girl?" he said.

"Oh, I'll know when I get there." And she smiled in the most friendly fashion.

"Don't you know the name of the street?" he persisted.

"Why, of course I do. It's Quincy Street," she replied with dignity.

"Oh, all right. That is the last street before the end of the route."

Daisy said nothing and continued to enjoy the ride. There were only three other persons

in the car, and they were several seats behind her, so she felt as if she had the whole place to herself.

Pretty soon, after the houses had begun to be thick again, the conductor rang the bell and the car came to a stop. Nobody stirred.

"Here is Quincy Street, little girl."

"Oh, but I don't mean to get off here," piped back a clear treble voice.

The conductor ran the bell twice rather impatiently, and made his way quickly to Daisy's side.

"Didn't you say you wanted to get off at Quincy Street?"

"Oh, yes; but it's Quincy Street in Llewellyn Park," said Daisy, sweetly. "You said a car always goes just where it says it will; and so I am waiting."

"Do you mean you are going to ride right round? This car goes to Sunderland."

"It says 'Llewellyn Park,'" insisted Daisy, mildly; "and it always says just where a car is going."

The conductor looked puzzled. Then he spoke to the driver, who slowed up a bit; and then they both twisted their necks and stared up at the sign over the front platform.

"For the land's sake," said the conductor; "the little girl is right. It does say 'Llewellyn Park,' sure enough. Jim, you forgot to turn that sign over when we started."

Daisy did not care. She was permitted to take any car that said Llewellyn Park, and if she had a ride to Sunderland thrown in, so much the better. So she sat still while the conductor explained and told her they would start back in just fifteen minutes. She waited patiently, changing her seat as the conductor advised, and enjoyed every minute of the wait as well as the ride. She had often been to Sunderland in the carriage, but this was a new and much more exciting experience.

Soon they started back with more passengers than they had before. When the conductor came round for the fare, he stopped at Daisy's side; but she said gently, "Oh, but you know I haven't any more money. Mother gave me just a five-cent piece to ride home with."

"Well, I guess that's one on me," said the conductor; and a minute later Daisy could see him telling something to the motorman, and they both laughed.

After a while they passed her grandmother's house, and Daisy could see Harriet shaking her duster out the window. Four minutes later they stopped at Quincy Street; and Daisy ran home, well satisfied with her morning.

"You said, 'Any car for Llewellyn Park,' Mother; and so did you, Harry," declared Daisy at luncheon, as they talked it over.

"Yes, that is so," admitted Harry; "but tell me now, Daisy Dutton, didn't you know all the time that that car was on its way to Sunderland?"

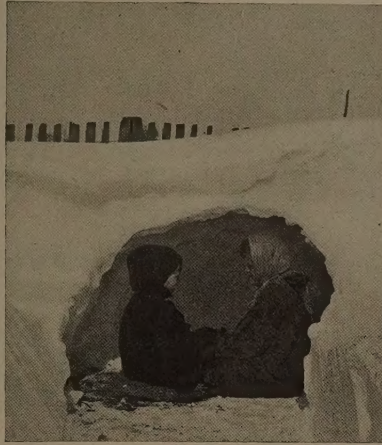
Daisy never said a word, but she glanced up at her father with bright eyes and a roguish smile.

So Harry ended the story just as he began it, with saying: "Oh, she's just as bright as they make them. She can go on the cars alone as well as I can."

E. F. M.,  
in the Christian Register.

The nails that fasten together the planks of a boat's bow are the rivets of the fellowship of the world. Their iron does more than draw lightning out of heaven, it leads love around the earth.

RUSKIN.



PLAYING ESQUIMAUX.

### Queer Admission.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

HOWARD was laughing as he came into the room. "Mother, may I go to the moving pictures at the Novelty to-morrow?" he asked.

"Why to-morrow?" his sister asked.

"There is to be an especial program for children."

"But, Howard," his mother protested, "I can't give you any more money to spend this week."

Howard laughed again. "Oh, you don't have to have money to get in," he said.

"Why, what do you mean?" his mother asked in astonishment.

Howard giggled. "You never could guess what the admission is," he remarked.

"What is it?"

"Two potatoes," giggled Howard.

"Two potatoes!" his sister cried. "Howard Strong—are you out of your head?"

"No," Howard snickered. "It is two potatoes. No one can get in unless they bring two potatoes instead of money."

"But what is that for?" his mother asked.

"It's for the Salvation Army New Year's dinner," Howard explained. "You know they advertise for what they need and the Novelty has taken this way of supplying all the potatoes. May I go?"

"Of course; I'll get the two largest, smoothest potatoes in the bin."

There was a great deal of giggling and laughter as the small patrons of the moving picture theater exchanged their bulky packages for tickets the following afternoon.

"I wonder who will eat mine?" a short, sunny-faced girl whispered to Howard; "it's most a foot long. Don't you think this is a lovely way to raise provisions for the dinner?"

Howard nodded. "If some other one would give apples," he suggested thoughtfully.

His schoolmate clapped her hands. "Let's give one," she said.

Howard sank into a seat beside her. "What do you mean?" he whispered as the first picture flashed upon the screen.

"Let's get up an attic entertainment," the girl answered eagerly, "something like the circuses we have in summer. We girls could dance our folk-dances and you boys could dance our folk-dances and you boys have all kinds of stunts. And we could have all of our pets in cages and Ralph Horne

and his trick Shetland. Why, I know hundreds of kids would come."

"Fred Hill has an old-fashioned house," Howard nodded, "with the biggest attic, that his mother lets him play in. I believe we could do it, Vivian."

"I'm sure we could," she answered, "and we could have a magic lantern performance and make it continuous, so that every one could go out as soon as they had seen it all and give their place to some one else."

"Let's pass word around to all the kids!" Howard suggested, and two winged whispers went in opposite directions around the room.

The next afternoon the performers in the proposed entertainment were selected and the price of admission given out. When the attic was thrown open and the program enjoyed, every one agreed that it was worth more than the price of admission.

"There are two hundred and fifty apples," Howard announced as he counted the last one. "Shall we take them over to the Army's quarters now?"

"I guess so," Fred Hill said, but at that moment the door opened and his mother came in.

"We came after the apples," she announced calmly.

"Oh, let us take them over," Fred pleaded.

"You may when they are done," she laughed.

"Done?"

Vivian clapped her hand over her mouth and giggled.

"I know—I know!" she shouted.

"Know what?" asked Fred and Howard together, and the others crowded around.

Fred's mother smiled. "We mothers got together and decided to have an entertainment of our own," she explained; "it was only sewing, but the price of admission was a cup of sugar or two cups of flour. Now if we may have your apples, we will have—"

"Pies!" shouted Howard.

"A great many of them," Mrs. Hill laughed. "What do you think of our party?"

"We think it is the nicest one of all," the children assured her; "for pies are nicer than potatoes or apples either."

"And every one helped," added Mrs. Hill.

### Old Year and New.

THE old year has done what it could for me;

All of it that was good for me

Has now become a part of me.

Whatever the New may bring to me,

May only the good of it cling to me,

And enter into the heart of me.

WILLIAM H. CARRUTH,  
In "Each in his Own Tongue,  
and other Poems."

### Kingliness of Service.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

"Ah, to be prince!" sighed the boy. "Oh, for the popular crown.

Surely, the king's highway knoweth no thorn nor frown."

"Boy," said the ruler benign; "rare are the sceptre and throne;

Rarer the paths of ease that lead to the conqueror's own.

"He that would feast with the king must with his soldiers be fed.

He that would lead and command, first must obey and be led.

"He is a hero that tries: kingdoms and thrones are his fief. Willing for service he reigns: gladly men call him their chief."

## THE BEACON

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## From the Editor to You.

When you read these words the New Year will be just ahead of you. What it will bring none of us know; but we may all hope and expect that it will be the best year of our lives. So far as lies in our power, let us resolve to make it so. Just the way we take the mingled good and ill that must come, has much to do with it. God gives us our life, and this good world for our home, and this year of time out of the great Eternity for our own. Our part is to make the best, the very best, of it. Shall we do it, boys and girls? And may the Editor help by giving to each *Beacon* reader, out of the depths of her heart, the old, old wish, which is in truth a prayer: A Happy New Year to you.

## Sunday School News.

The work of religious education in the First Unitarian Church at Madison, Wis., is conducted in three departments. A kindergarten class meets during the hour of church service. The regular Sunday school session is held at 9.30. Following the morning service there is a class in religion for adults, conducted by the minister. The subject for this year is "The Social Teaching of the Bible," beginning with what the Scriptures have to say about poverty. One of the Sunday school classes of boys visits with the pastor during the week some of the more important institutions and places of the city.

A pleasant social feature of the school is the practice of the teachers in bringing their classes to the Parish House during the week for luncheon and a social hour together.

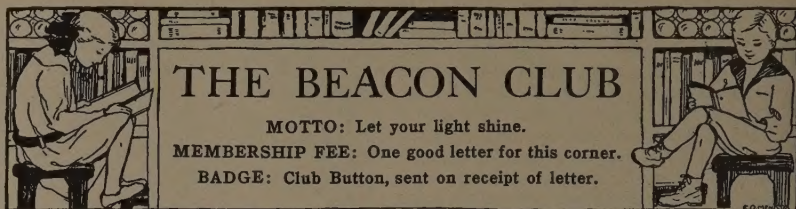
## The Gate of the New Year.

I'm wondering dream before my face  
I saw a massive wall arise,  
As old as time, as wide as space,  
And high as are the star-strewn skies.

And, while I marveled what it meant,  
And what lay on the other side,  
I saw an age-worn arch that bent  
Above a gateway opened wide.

And on the arch's front I read,  
"Each traveler who enters here  
Finds what he pleases, stones or bread:  
I am the gateway of the year."

M. J. SAVAGE.



## THE BEACON CLUB

MOTTO: Let your light shine.

MEMBERSHIP FEE: One good letter for this corner.

BADGE: Club Button, sent on receipt of letter.

Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.,  
107 Highland Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I hope I may become a member of the Beacon Club. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. I belong to the First Unitarian Sunday School. We have lovely times in our class. My teacher's name is Miss Carrie Frost. I belong to the Clover Club. We are going to have a Hallowe'en party. We have a party every month.

Yours sincerely,  
EMILY CASWELL.  
(Age 12.)

CINCINNATI, OHIO,  
12th and Elm Streets.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the St. John's Church. My father is janitor of it. We get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I like to read it. We are going to have our church's hundredth anniversary next Sunday (November 1). My teacher's name is Mr. Aman. I like to go to Sunday school. My age is nine. I am in the fourth grade. I would like to join the Beacon Club.

From MILDRED BROWN.

WORCESTER, MASS.,  
40 Onread Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the South Memorial Unitarian Church. Mr. Beane is our minister. We all like him very well. There are seven girls in our class. Mrs. Beane is our Sunday school teacher. There are only about forty children in the whole Sunday school. Last year the children were given pins. The children that didn't miss a Sunday were given lovely gold pins. Those who missed five or under were given sterling silver ones.

PHYLLIS BICKFORD.

CONCORD, N.H.,  
86 Washington Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I live in Concord, N.H. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Miss Downing is the superintendent. My teacher is Mrs. Bridden. We are learning about Moses and the Israelites. We have a class color; it is green. I was very proud of what you said of our Sunday school when you visited us in October.

A reader of *The Beacon*,

CECELIA CONN.  
(Age 11 years.)

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA XXIV.

I am composed of 28 letters and am a quotation from Tennyson.

My 9, 15, 1, 26, 2, 21, 4, is a fish.  
My 11, 17, 21, is a part of that fish.  
My 23, 10, 12, 16, 7, is a kind of pump.  
My 14, 13, 5, 7, is an opening.  
My 26, 20, 18, 4, is a piece of jewelry.  
My 22, 5, 3, 19, 6, 24, is used in speaking.  
My 8, 27, 25, 5, 26, is a teacher.  
My 11, 28, 15, is given for service.

J. S.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in *late*, but not in *soon*.  
My next is in *bright*, but not in *moon*.  
My third is in *right*, likewise in *wrong*.  
My fourth is in *sang*, but not in *song*.  
My fifth is in *home*, but not in *fire*.  
My sixth is in *wrath*, but not in *ire*.  
My seventh is in *much*, but not in *all*.  
My whole is an ancestor of Saul.

The Myrtle.

## WORD SQUARE.

1. The ebb and flow of the waters of the ocean.  
2. A mental image or conception.  
3. Costly or of high value.  
4. Parts of the head.

Selected.

## RIDDLES.

I.

I have but one eye, and that without sight,  
Yet it helps me, whatever I do;  
I am sharp without wits, without senses I'm bright,  
The fortune of some, and of some the delight,  
And I doubt not I'm useful to you.

II.

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,  
And most employed when others sleep;  
What few would like to give away,  
And fewer still to keep.

Young Days.

## A BIBLE CHARADE.

My first is a part of the human frame,  
My second is worn by many a dame,  
My whole is a mountain where one died  
Who had been a leader, true and tried.

The Visitor.

## HIDDEN COUNTRIES.

1. When glands become swollen trouble ensues.  
2. Hurry, Wilbur, Ma has called you twice.  
3. Mahala skated on the pond.  
4. In some countries tenants hire land from nobles.  
5. Is the hay tied securely to the cart?  
6. The great and lesser viaducts of Rome were works of art.  
7. Do not eat the core and skin.  
8. In an Indian crowd, before the Taj, a panic ensued.  
9. He will either sleep or tug a load up hill all day.  
10. The Latin for "book" is "liber," I am told.

E. A. C.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 11.

ENIGMA XX.—Be not simply good, be good for something.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because it had no Eve. 2. The side that is not eaten.

ENIGMA XXI.—I know a bank where the wild thyme grows.

A SHAKESPERIAN DIAGONAL—

PROSPERO  
HERMIONE  
CORDELIA  
ACHILLES  
DORICLES  
FLUELLEN  
MORTIMER  
CLAUDIUS

"Where are we going, papa?" asked a little five-year-old.

"To Copp's Hill burying-ground."

"Is that where all the policemen are buried?"

Youth's Companion.